

Hilda Moreno,  
Who Wishes She'd  
Never Heard  
Mr. Gallagher  
and Mr. Shean  
"Positively and  
Absolutely" Each  
Other, Because  
She's Named in a  
Divorce Suit Now.

# All the Trouble a Song Made

"Absolutely" Three Pecks of  
Trouble Befall Mr. Gallagher  
and Mr. Shean--

1. Eddie Foy's Boy See's  
an Injunction.
2. Another Team Sues  
for \$25,000.
3. Mrs. Gallagher Sues  
for Divorce.



Mrs. Edward F. Gallagher, Who Says That She  
Married When Her Husband Was Unknown to Fame  
and That Now He Doesn't Want Her.



Reading from  
Left to Right—  
Absolutely Mr. Gallagher  
and Positively Mr. Shean.

Oh, Mr. Gallagher! Oh, Mr. Gallagher!  
Who sings with Mr. Shean  
in a show.  
Has been sued for a di-  
vorce.  
By his wife who has, of  
course,  
Named a chorine from the  
Follies second row.  
But Mr. Gallagher, but Mr.  
Gallagher,  
Has denied the charges,  
nailed, them, one, and all  
As attempt to get some  
cash  
To prevent this action  
rash,  
On the part of Mrs. Gal-  
lagher.  
Absolutely, on her part!

AND there you have it, as set forth in a varia-  
tion of the "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean"  
song, written for the occasion by a bright  
newspaper reporter the other day.

It wasn't more than a million years ago that  
Edward F. Gallagher was merely a vaudeville  
actor; a popular actor and a well-paid one, but  
just an actor as compared with the first mag-  
nitude place he now holds in the theatrical firm-  
ament as "Positively Mr. Gallagher."

Then he or Mr. Shean or he and Mr. Shean—  
though there have been plenty of denials of this!—  
slapped together a few lines of fluff and nailed  
them in place by their "Absolutely Mister" end-  
ings—and that was that! They became the rage  
over night; their stuff was quoted; they were  
imitated and envied; out of their trail of star-  
dust other men became vaudeville performers.

But it's not only the head that wears a crown  
which lies uneasy. The one that rolls under suc-  
cess isn't always free from headaches. If it isn't  
somebody to pester about "stolen stuff," it's a wife  
who wants an apartment of her own and a mole-  
skin coat. And when the wife is reduced to an  
armed neutrality of sorts, somebody else heaves  
to with a modest bill for \$25,000 damages. Then  
that's no more than chloroformed when the wife  
bobs up again with a divorce petition in one hand  
and a story about a Follies beauty in the other.

"Oh wirra, wirra, Mr. Gallagher!"  
"Positively, Mr. Shean!"  
It's all very complicated, according to Gal-  
lagher. That the song which should have brought  
him great success should also have brought him  
all sorts of trouble—well, absolutely!

"It was two years ago that I married Mary  
Karney—known at the time as  
Helen T. Rogers—and not six years  
ago, as some folks say," declared  
the actor. "It's the bunk about  
her, as a self-sacrificing little wife  
struggling a poor,  
struggling actor  
and then doing  
everything in the  
world to put him

on his feet, only to be  
deserted by him in the  
end! Shall I laugh or  
get mad over that  
story? I don't know, to  
tell the truth!"  
"I was desperately in love with her and to  
prove it I gave her \$7000 worth of diamonds and  
a \$1000 moleskin coat. But it was only about a  
year after our marriage that she said she wanted  
an apartment of her own. Said she saw too much  
of me, and she wanted to live a free life. So she  
got herself an apartment and furnished it elab-  
orately. And after she had lived there so long,  
you can imagine my astonishment when she in-  
vaded my own apartment on the night my last  
trouble began."

Of that last trouble, more anon.  
Meantime there was the little matter between  
Mr. Gallagher and the Foy boy—oh, yes, Eddie's  
son. The Foy boy listened with care to the "Abso-

IF I'd never heard that song with its strange  
humor and its intriguing melody, I probably  
would not be in all the trouble I'm in now.

You see, I came to Broadway only a few  
months ago, when the Follies opened. Most of  
my life I lived in a convent, as many Spanish  
girls live, and when I got out I had Mother al-  
ways with me, even though I at once went on the  
stage in Madrid.

The three of us came to New York, Mother  
and my little sister and myself, and I went into  
the Follies chorus. One day when we were re-  
hearsing, and I was almost dead with fatigue, I  
was amazed to hear the music slow down from  
jazz to a sort of sing-song. Two men came on  
and went through their number, and that was the  
first time I ever had heard the "Absolutely Mr.  
Gallagher" song. I thought it the funniest thing  
I ever had heard in my life and I liked the melody.  
I got to watch for it. I found out later that  
Mr. Gallagher watched for my act—I do a Spanish  
dance and song specialty—long before he noticed  
me, because he likes that sort of music.

That's all there was to it until one afternoon  
when my roommate and myself were looking at  
apartments. The agent of the building men-  
tioned someone else from the Follies had looked  
at an apartment we were seeing, and who should  
that someone be but Mr. Gallagher! Of course,  
after that we laughed together about the incident,  
for he rented the apartment, which was far, far  
too expensive for my roommate and myself.

He drove us home once or twice after the show.

lutely Mr. Gallagher" song and then he rushed  
right down to Supreme Court for an injunction.  
"It's mine," stated the Foy boy. "And if any-  
one is going to sing it, it's me!"

The injunction was denied.

Next came the matter of the "Mister Duffy and  
Mister Sweeney" suit a few months back. These  
vaudeville gentlemen, whose other names were  
James Terrence Duffy and Frederick Chase  
Sweeney, contended that the "Mister" type of song  
was their exclusive idea and that they'd begun its  
use before Mister Gallagher ever dreamed it, and  
they wanted something done. The something ran  
to \$25,000 in the way of damages. This suit  
hasn't as yet come to trial and the possibility of  
its doing so, according to Mister Gallagher's at-  
torney, is most remote, since, as he declares, the  
suit is a publicity stunt.

And that is all of the third piece of trouble.  
As for the fourth—well, this is the biggest  
and surely the most astonishing that ever a mere  
funny song brought down upon the head of a  
vaudeville actor.

The principal portion of it consists of five foot  
something of girl with fluffing autumn-brown hair  
and long, autumn-brown eyes and an exquisite  
oval face which is just a bit brown as well, as are  
all faces patterned after the beauty type of  
old Castile.

Add to this exotic harmony a flashing smile,  
a low, sweet voice and the grace of the born  
dancer, and you have a pretty fair description of  
Hilda Moreno, member of the beauty group in Mr.  
Ziegfeld's justly famous pulchritude monopoly,  
newly of Broadway, lately of the Sacred Heart  
Convent in Madrid. She it is who nightly causes  
shivers of joy to crawl along many a blasé spine  
as she steps round to the six-eight measure and  
sings the song that her mother sang to her as a  
lullaby:

"Quando salí de la Habana, valgame Dios—  
Nadie me vio salir sino fui yo—"  
Twenty years old, and she is named in the suit  
for divorce Missus Gallagher has filed against  
Mister Gallagher—absolutely!

But let Hilda Moreno, herself, tell the story  
of how the "Positively Gallagher" song swept her  
into the troubles it has set circling about the actor:

By HILDA MORENO

in a friendly, wholly impersonal manner. Then,  
finally, there was a party planned by a number of  
theatrical people. I had a feeling I shouldn't go,  
but I went anyway. It was in Mr. Gallagher's  
apartment. A friend of Mrs. Gallagher was there,  
and she made a great fuss over me all evening.  
We were among the last to leave, and at the last  
moment she excused herself to run into her own  
apartment to answer her telephone, as she said,  
leaving me alone for a moment, as I thought, and  
it was then detectives came in and made the most  
terrible accusations.

That is all there is to it. I got Mother out  
of the city before the matter became known be-  
cause I knew she just couldn't stand the criticism.  
She is with my little sister, who is playing in  
Mexico City.

Mr. Gallagher is a wonderful man, and I don't  
think it strange that his wife should love him  
enough to want to resort to any means to get him  
back, for I'm sure that's what's in her mind, and  
not the chance to collect a great deal of money  
from him to hush the affair up, as I have been told.  
But it has shocked me and discouraged me so  
that I want to leave Broadway just the moment  
the Follies closes and go back to Madrid where  
everybody knows me and loves me and wouldn't  
believe me capable of such terrible things as I  
am charged with in this suit. After my deligh-  
tful Spain some of the ways of America are new  
and puzzling to me, and anyway, the whole trou-  
ble was the result of my interest in Mr. Gal-  
lagher's funny song—positively!

"An Exquisite and Oval Face—Patterned  
After the Beauty Type of Old Castile."

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